

pleasure and freedom from the universal hatred seeking place in men's hearts?

There simply isn't anything like golf as a pastime; there is no other game playable by such extremes of age, and that in the open; the catalogue offers nothing to take its place as the universal rehabilitator of bodies and minds. There is an appeal about it and its peculiar spirit that gets the thousands where other forms of exercise get their tens; it has a respectability and a dignity that draw the highest of those in the seats of authority and power; it also requires skill and coordination of muscles to a degree that invites the youthful and athletic; it so lends itself to social intercourse that all sexes and all ages seek its pleasure; and there is about it an elusive quality that makes the player gird up his loins and stick to it in the face of utterly discouraging events. What other sport, exercise or pastime offers so much?

One must understand the peculiarly sportsmanlike ethics of golf to appreciate the portent of these unvarnished facts. The ethics of golf, its code of sportsmanship and its call for generosity and calm fairness are such that a cad can't play the game at all; he either ceases playing or ceases being a cad, and most times the latter is the god sent result. The true golf player delights in being just a little more than merely fair; concession is his hobby; he will not argue with an opponent; and, while doing his darndest to beat the other chap, he will find a keen joy in any brilliance of play the other manifests. This code, not printed and posted about the club house nor in any other such crass way flung into the faces of the golfers, but carried and treasured in their hearts, is enforced. Not by fines, censure or expulsions, indeed, but rigidly enforced for all that. The transgressor finds it increasingly difficult to get a match; the cordiality wanes; he is quietly left out when club activities are arranged; at some gathering of the members the president will make a speech in which he gently touches on the matter of golf etiquette, mentioning, concretely, the points in which breaches have occurred, but naming no names. And that cures that.

Golf is the only game in which the interest of the player is fixed as much or more on lowering his own record than beating an opponent. This is so universally true that a player finds much pleasure in going around alone, and even when playing in twos most friendly games are characterized by this intense desire to lower records, and intrigues them to a greater degree than the contest with each other. Thus the incentive to bet is removed.

I am not saying that no bets are made on golf games, nor am I condemning the practice or those who indulge in it. Any man who plays golf is a golf brother, and a golf brother is but one degree removed from blood brother; therefore, what he does is all right with me so long as he observes the traditions of the game. But any game is better if free from gambling, and that is the way this game is played, generally, in all that great and influential part of the country away from centers of wealth and bored leisure. Too, it is the way which must meet with the unqualified approval of every true lover of the game as well as of all those who take thought for what is going on in the United States affecting the morals and manner of living and thinking of the people.

A Great National Asset.

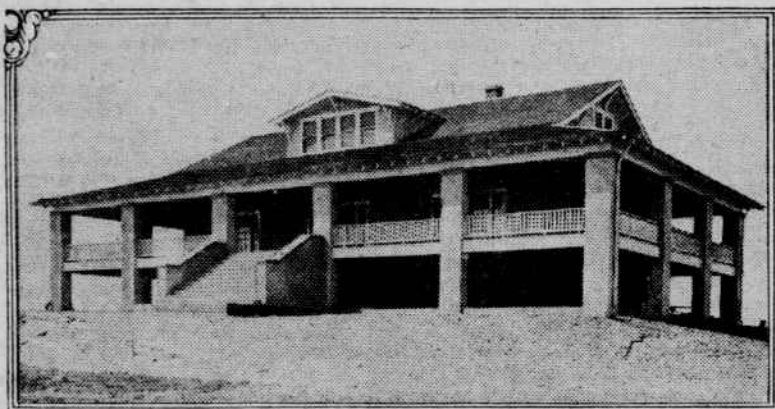
It has been said that should that other great game, baseball, be removed to-day from our social plan, the loss would be frightful; that crime and disorder of every sort would leap and economic dismay stalk around the corners; that divorce and family desertion would multiply and the churches totter. For baseball is the great outlet for our surplus enthusiasm and at once the organ of the body politic which carries off much of the secreted poisons. Well, if baseball is that, golf is the lungs and heart. We get the good out of baseball by watching it; the unmeasurable benefits of golf come from playing it.

The man in our town who is regarded by many as the most useful citizen we have, the man who would be most missed were he to die, suffered a breakdown a few years ago, and was told by doctors that if he maintained his close application to business he would surely die. He didn't maintain the gait, being a man of sense, but purchased an outfit of golf clubs and

clothing and began playing. He still plays every day that is fit and on many days which others would regard as suitable for indoor sports only. He has recovered his health completely—indeed, has saved his life, to himself, to his family and to the community which depends so largely upon his judgment in public matters. Now this is neither remarkable nor noteworthy. It is related merely as an example. Rather than being an isolated instance, it illustrates what is the rule wherever access to a golf course may be had; for there have been thousands, literally, whose experiences tally at all points with his.

There have, of course, always been men who were sick but cured themselves by taking exercise, men with determination

tie; but here were men of almost every faith and creed; of every station and profession; competitors; political opponents and social and business rivals; yet the understanding and good will were perfect. And the speaker preached for an hour on the great change that is at hand in American business life—the change from the old "cut throat" methods to the liberal, helpful, hand-in-hand-with-the-competitor spirit of the near future. At the close of that meeting the men there felt there was a community of interest transcending anything in their experience. The simple facts are, however, that that club has done more than any other agency to cement together the men of that town who do things; it is the town's greatest



The club house of the golf club of a Kansas town of less than 5,000 inhabitants—The Abilene Country Club.

enough to ride a horse, walk, or take some of the other forms of exercise not included in a game. But the average sick man requires a stimulus, an inspiration, such as only the playing of a game can furnish. And there is no game which furnishes them so fascinatingly as golf.

Concentration and the Game.

In the first place, one cannot play golf and think of anything else at all whatsoever; second, the game is so darned interesting one has no desire to think of anything else; third and last, one who plays golf finds when he has finished the round that nothing becomdes the game has had any place in his mind. Manifestly, this complete forgetting, if but for a time, of everything troublesome or worrisome is great stuff for the chap whose think motor has begun to sputter.

Now a mere game which is able to and does restore health to useful citizens otherwise nearing the grave; which can and does build up the sinews and muscles of millions to their good and that of posterity; which can and does save man and families from disgrace and failure—if it does no more than these it is decidedly doing something for America worth while. And golf is doing much more.

The country club of a middle Western city of fifteen thousand population was holding its annual meeting, at which the guest of honor and speaker of the evening was a business man of considerable importance in that State. When the speaker arose, after a singfest of astonishing vigor and warmth, he remarked that never in his life had he seen a meeting ruled by such a spirit of good fellowship, and he did not except meetings of fraternal bodies or of men with some other common

one asset beyond the shadow of a doubt. And it came from the game of golf. Without the game there would be no country club, no gathering such as has been described leaving to every person a priceless heritage of good feeling. In all likelihood there would be either no team work or very poor team work in that city.

These are matters of influence which reach out in an ever widening circle to the uttermost limits of that town's sphere of trade. Can any person within that radius entirely escape the effect? I think not. An isolated instance? Not at all, for in all these towns which have set up their little country clubs there is much the same community feeling—engendered and fostered by the beneficent influence of the game of golf. There is something about the game of golf, I tell you, that brings men together and that in the frame of mind conducive to reason and good will.

Consider the State tournaments, where from a hundred to several hundred golf players in each State meet once a year or oftener. Such events draw boundary lines near together and serve to remove sectional feeling. The general good of the whole State is furthered, for the leaders and thinkers have been together, in the evening hours after the day's play is over, exchanging views on every subject and with the peculiar air and spirit of golf tingling it all. Individual friendships begin at these tournaments and last through life. Business associations are born that are above price. There is no place there for the smallest germ of Bolshevism or any of the other isms that to-day are seeking a lodgment. Sanity! Level headed thinking and acting! Generous consideration of the other fellow! Can any person

in that State wholly escape the influence and effect of all this?

These results cannot come out of a convention, be it political, fraternal, social or commercial. Conventions are limited in the scope of the matters considered to one or two subjects; if there is any limit to the scope of the discussion in the interims of a golf tournament I have failed to discover it.

And one State differs in no wise from the other forty-seven except, possibly, in the quantity of what golf is doing for America therein. The kind and quality are the same everywhere, and if you are a golf player you know this to be true; if you are not a golf player ask one about it. Some States have more and others fewer clubs, but the great and wonderful game of golf is the same wherever found. There is the same courtliness, the same calmness, the same development of character that have their counterparts in no other game or pastime. Who will say, therefore, that golf is not helping, definitely and certainly, to bring the whole country back to normalcy? That it is not one of the potent institutions for drawing together the geographical lines of the nation, in abolishing north, east, south and west, as sections, with sectional interests, and in getting us all together, with common aims and purposes? That it is not helping the United States to calmer thought and freedom from the uneasy clamor which of late has assailed our ears?

I might go further, and tell of the annual tournaments on both sides of the Atlantic, at which players from the whole civilized world compete for honors in the same wonderfully sportsmanlike way; or of the tours of Britain and America by players from the other country; or how an Englishman takes the cup in America and then an American takes it over there; and draw therefrom the moral that golf makes the whole world kin. Indeed, the proposition could be consistently advanced that if Germany had had the game of golf to the extent it now rages in this country and in England, there would have been no war, or, if there had to be one, it would have been fought with niblicks instead of guns. And just consider, if that had been the case, how much more money we would now have with which to buy golf balls.

Among the Golf Books of 1922

IN "The Science of Golf: A Study in Movement," by P. Fowle (McBride), the author has attempted to apply the acid test of science to the various theories by which famous players have explained their methods of play. He discusses the grip, the swing in all its phases, the follow through, the stance and attitude, spared and approached shots and putting. The book is illustrated by photographs.

Harry Vardon, five times champion of England and once of the United States, describes in "The Gist of Golf" (Doran) "that club" and how to use it. The book is livened up by his own personal reminiscences illustrative of his instruction.

In "Golf from Two Sides" (Longmans, Green) Roger and Joyce Wethered write not only for the beginner but for the young and old golfer who are willing to improve. Miss Wethered deals with ladies' golf, while Mr. Wethered writes of American and Oxford golf.

In "Nine Holes of Golf" (Scribner's) Royal Cortissoz has written of golf in a somewhat different way than the above. His is a group of essays that are addressed, according to the preface, to "the golfer who loves the game regardless of his score."

Among the other books of the year are "Driving—Approaching—Putting," by Edward Ray (McBride); "Golf for Occasional Players," by a Veteran (McBride), and "Golf Clubs and How to Use Them," by Edward Ray (McBride).

Charles Alden Seitzer, author of "West!" (Century) and others of the "two-gun" variety, when asked what he did before he began to write fiction, replied that he graduated from the public schools of Columbus, Ohio, into a world of minor jobs, adding: "My recollection is that I held all of them." He hoped it wouldn't be considered "encouraging" if he added that he scribbled thirteen years before selling a story.

